

Akala - Our Way, The Way Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Intro: Akala & Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Ayanna Witter Johnson]

How do we, how do we find our way?
How do we, how do we find our way?

[Akala]

Talk fights wars
Silence is never to blame
Talk's forever changing
Silence is always the same
Talk likes to play
But silence is not a game
Talk only confuses
Silence only explains

[Verse 1: Akala]

So they talk
And talk and talk and talk a lot
But behind their talk is not
Any action
That goes with the rhetoric
Its bullshit even if you ain't smelling it
The word is the word
Even if you're misspelling it
If there's a heaven
There's a hell in it
If it exists, they're selling it
Got no riches? then tenements
Is where you live, with relatives
That's just good biz, development
Selling a wedding a funeral, sell
The ugly the beautiful and the unusual, sell
A life, a death, a dress an adress
Or a desk or a pound of flesh
All is acceptable, not regrettable
When we make a person a decimal
Line syllable rhyme typical
Would it be better to mime lyrical
Im just giving you my individual
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]

How do we, how do we find our way?

When they have, so many things to say
How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say

[Hook 1: Akala]

Talk is the fool
Silence is always the wise
Talk is the rule
Silence is only a guide

Talk is the tool
But silence is in the mind
Talkings mostly the cruel
Silence is mostly the kind

[Verse 2: Akala]

See they say so many things
But then they clip so many wings
Cos all they really wanna do is win
And they dont want anyone against
They try to dismiss our right to resist
Or to fight with the fist you gotta be joking
Writing a diss, or reciting a myth, or lighting a spliff
You must be toking or
Punch drunk off power abused, used
In the only way that it has been
Ever since any time that I can tell
Maybe its nature we're battling
The propaganda; new form of
The hunters trap that's left for the prey
But these predators will only
Get fed from filling our heads
With the words that they say
More or less, you are more or less
If you have more or you can guess the rest
The story is an old one
In my time on this earth I have told some
With a Line syllable rhyme typical
Would it be better to mime lyrical
Im just giving you my individual
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Hook: Akala]

They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?

[Verse 3: Akala]

A word only defines another word
So tell me whats in a name?
Does the word blood, really tell you
What it is that flows in my veins?
May sound odd
That a poet would try to persuade you
The words you relate to
Are nothing compared to the nothing that happens when nothing
They say do they do
I suppose what I mean is this
If i really had peace of mind
I probably wouldn't speak that much
And I probably would not write these rhymes

How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say
How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say

So many things to say
So many things to say
So many things to say
So many things to say